



# ASSUMPTION COLLEGE REVIEW

Sandwich, Ontario

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NOVEMBER, 1909.

## CONTENTS.

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To Solitude, (Poem),	-	-	-	3
First Jesuits in Sandwich,	-	-	-	4
The Conversion of Hugh O'Donohue	-	-	-	9
Emotion in Poetry,	-	-	-	15
The Man Who Looked Like Somebody Else,	-	-	-	20
When I Am Dead, (Poem)	-	-	-	28
Editorial,	-	-	-	30
Athletics,	-	-	-	34
Alumni,	-	-	-	41
Chronicle,	-	-	-	44
Exchanges,	-	-	-	46







# Assumption College Review

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The Assumption College Review is a literary magazine published monthly by the students of Assumption College. Its aim is to cultivate a taste for composition and to inspire a love for what is best and noblest in English literature. It is intended also to foster fraternity between the alumni, the student and their Alma Mater.

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## To Solitude.

I'll gladly live with thee, O Solitude,  
But let it not be in a murky cell  
Nor yet within a fortified citadel.  
I'd live with thee forever if I could  
Live in a vast and solemn stately wood  
Where vaulted leafy roofs all fear dispel—  
And bud and flow'r the passing seasons tell—  
Where nymphs and satyrs long ago have stood.

Where air is hush'd and all is silence save  
The myriad insects murmur'ing song of praise  
Where one could wander endlessly and have  
Distractions none within the wooded maze—  
Were simple streams their simple story tell—  
'Tis there that I with Solitude would dwell.

—C. A. BATES, '11.



### First Jesuits in Sandwich.



It is only of late years that the name Detroit has been applied to the city itself. In the eighteenth century Detroit comprised all that territory bordering on both sides of the Detroit river. What is now the City of the Straits formerly consisted of two Indian villages; Sandwich was "La Pointe de Montreal der Detroit," and Belle Isle, Ste. Claire Island. On account of the splendid trading facilities, the fertile soil and the forest and stream teeming with game and fish the savages settled here in large numbers. Nor did the zealous missionaries tarry to follow in their footsteps. Montreal was then the centre of Christianity in America and many and brave were the messengers of truth whom she sent forth into the depths of the wild and unknown forests, often to suffer from hunger, exposure and thirst, and not seldom to perish by the gory jaws of famished wolves and bears, or amidst the horrors of Indian torture, but never without imprinting in the hearts of even their murderers themselves, a deep and noble religious spirit.

In 1721, Father Charlevoix set out in a canoe, paddled up Lakes Ontario and Erie, and after many hardships arrived at Detroit. Writing in June of that year, he says: "Before reaching the fort, which is on the left, one league below the island of Ste. Claire, there are to be found on the same side two pretty populous villages very near each other. The first is inhabited by Tionnontatez Hurons. . . The second is inhabited by Poutroutamis. On the right, a little further up there is a third one of Ontaonais. . . ." Since the island of Ste. Claire is no other but Belle Isle, we are led to believe that

the first two villages mentioned must have been situated somewhere below Fort Wayne. The third is thought to have been between what are now Windsor and Sandwich. These Ontaonais are no others but the warlike Ottawas, who are still spoken of among our grandfathers. A few pages further Father Charlevoix writes: "The following day I went to visit the two savage villages (*les deux bourgades sauvages*) which are in the vicinity of the fort and I began by the Hurons. . . ." Later on, in a report to his superiors in Lower Canada, he recommended the establishment of a mission at Detroit, and in 1727, the Hurons expressed the desire of having a missionary. In 1727 Father Ormand de la Richardie was sent out, but the exact date of his arrival is not known. There is also much doubt as to where he really landed. As it was the Hurons who had asked for a missionary, and as Father Charlevoix had recommended the founding of a mission at Detroit we are inclined to believe that he must have landed on the west side of the river. But the common tradition is that he landed at what is now Sandwich and established his mission there. There are no authentic proofs for either of these views. However, the Hurons remained where Charlevoix had found them until 1742, when they moved to Bois Blanc Island.

One unread in Colonial Days thinks it mere fable when he hears or reads of how these savages roamed about from one place to another. But such a thing then was very common and what is still more wonderful, it was all accomplished in a single day. On October 13 the Rising Sun saw the young squaws washing their papooses off the shore of Detroit; the braves stalking about in search of game; some of the old squaws cutting the corn, others fishing for the morning meal. At noon it saw wigwams, provisions, and all household effects in a



long row of canoes lined up along the beach. At evening it saw but a few piles of charred wood, some fallen trees and a few acres of trodden grass where on that very morning rose an Indian "bourgade," solemn and majestic in its very wildness and solitude.

On June 26, 1744, Father Peter Potier set out from Quebec for Detroit. The hardships which such a journey entailed can be more readily understood when we know that it took him three months to accomplish it. The whole voyage was made in a canoe, except that at Niagara, a long portage had to be made. However, although these difficulties stared the missionary in the face, still they did not lessen their number and zeal. These men's lives were devoted to God, and what cared they for toil, privation and even death itself! Father Potier arrived at Bois Blanc Island, September 25, where he proceeded to increase in the hearts of his savage subjects the ray of Faith which had been enkindled therein by Father Ormand de la Richardie. This holy Jesuit had a severe attack of paralysis March 25, 1746, and on July 2, he left for Montreal, leaving the charge of the whole island on Father Potier's shoulders.

On August 20, 1746, Father du Jauvay made a retreat at Bois Blanc. Nothing indicates that he ever took part in the mission work. However, his good work did much to increase piety and morality in the Hurons.

In 1747 the Hurons revolted. Everyone has heard something of the horrors of Indian warfare. The terrible carnage which accompanied it, the frightful tortures to which captives were submitted, and the gross immorality which attended these and which as always made the Indian an object of contempt in the eyes of civilized nations, all tended to rob the savages of the faith they had just re-



ceived. The endurance, patience, zeal and courage of the devoted missionaries were put to a severe test in keeping their warlike flocks from dropping away and turning upon them, their best benefactors. However, good overcame evil, and the small colony again settled under their guidance. Soon after this revolt the village was removed to Pointe Montreal (Sandwich) and was never brought back to Bois Blanc. Here a mission was established and called "L'Assomption du Detroit." In time this grew to what is now the thriving parish of Assumption Church, and Assumption College, which these world famed educators of Catholic youth erected in 1857. Thus we see that this mission was of very great importance and had much bearing on the future of Catholicity in this locality.

The following is a letter written by Father Nau from Sault St. Louis to Father Bouin, Oct. 16, 1735. It gives us a few important facts which are thoroughly reliable: "Father de la Richardie has passed the winter at Quebec, where he has done infinite good by means of two public retreats which he gave. With regards to this, Rev. Father, I must correct myself of what I had written you last year, not being sufficiently instructed in what regards the Hurons. I held that there were no Huron Christians but those of Lorette. Seven years have effectively passed since there were no others. But Father de la Richardie has been able to collect at Detroit these scattered Hurons, all of whom he converted. The mission consists of six hundred Christians."

On June 21, 1741, Father de la Richardie wrote to his general: "When I came here I did not find a single person among the savages who professed the Christian Faith. But now, the sacred edifice, tho' very great in dimensions, is scarcely large enough to accommodate the multitude of

Christians. Fr. R. J. St. Ge, taking pity on my almost sixty years, is on my request providing me with a helper on the mission."

Such, then, was the work of the sons of Loyola who first came to this community. May those fruits which they produced and which still bear evidence of their work, last forever, and stand forth, an eternal monument to their unceasing labors!

—L. C. LEBOEUF, '12.

Gray hairs unto thy fancy seem  
Like the light by the moon softly cast  
That silver o'er the evening scene  
When the day of one's life has past.

—C. B. '11.



### The Conversion of Hugh O'Donahue.



“OLD GRANNY” O'DONAHUE was dying. It was evident to all that the grim angel would soon summon her from this transitory scene to a happier realm. She had seen eighty summers and added to her extreme age, a fatal malady had seized upon her. She herself knew that death was near but feared not. She had “loved her Creator in the days of her youth,” and in fact, all the days of her life. No wonder was it then that she was not afraid to appear before Him whom she had loved and served so well. This last sickness had been caused by exposure to the inclement weather of the previous week when she had insisted on daily attending Holy Mass in order that she might not scandalize the young, “For,” she used to say, “what would they think if they saw me, an old woman, skirkin’ me dooty to me Saviour, and His Blessed Mother.” Such a saint, then was “Old Granny,” as she was popularly called.

She had an only son Hugh in whose farmhouse she lay on her death bed. Her daughter-in-law and grandsons, a bright pair of twins called Hugh and James, were her nurses. The boys were but five years of age, but they loved their old grandmother and from six in the morning to eight at night one of them at least was constantly in the room with her, fulfilling her requests, or in case he could not do so, running to call his mother. The father of the household performed his agricultural duties by day and every night found him keeping vigil in the sick room.

Old Granny lingered for a week, alternately a little better and a little worse. Finally on the

eight day after the coming of the sickness she grew worse and all saw that the end was very near. It was a fair June evening. As the sun was sinking to rest beneath the western horizon, the O'Donahues gathered around the deathbed. A single ray of sunlight found its way into the room through a crevice in the shutters and shone upon the little golden-haired Hughie, who, like the rest, was kneeling. Mrs. O'Donahue was holding the candle in the hand of the dying woman, while the husband was reading the Litany. As the death rattle became more pronounced, the grief of all increased. Finally, Hughie, unable to stand it longer, leaped to his feet and going up to the bedside, exclaimed:

"Granny, don't leave us now; don't die." As the childish words fell upon the ears of the gasping sufferer she suddenly sat up in the bed and exclaimed:

"Hughie, my dearest, I must depart now. If you are good you will never see me again in this life, but, O, my dear child, if you ever begin to tread the downward path then be sure that, if spirits ever return from the other world to warn those who are near and dear to them here, I will return to you."

And then her strength left her and she dropped back upon the pillow. The soul had passed to its Maker.

Two days later she was buried from the church in the village. The sermon which Fr. Tom preached was an eulogy on the virtues of the deceased and an admonition to his flock to imitate them. After the remains had been borne to the cemetery and the last prayers had been said the casket was slowly lowered. It had descended about three feet when it struck the projection of a stone which was deeply imbedded in the side of the grave



and could not have been removed except by most laborious digging. The sexton thinking that the casket would clear it had left it as he found it. A pick axe was now sought and the stone was chipped until it gave the room required. This was the only little accident that happened during the funeral, but for some unaccountable reason it made a deep impression upon Hughie.

O O O O O

It was twenty-five years later. Hugh O'Donahue, Sr., had long died but his family were still living on the homestead. Mrs. O'Donahue, the twins, who were now grown to manhood, and a younger sister, Helen, composed a household that should have been happy, but John Barleycorn had become a favorite with both the boys, and things of late had been going "from bad to worse." Nearly every night found them in the village at the drinking house. Hugh had been arrested several times for disorderly conduct and James had escaped as often only by the breadth of a hair. What a contrast was there in these two drunkards and the little innocent, winsome lads of a quarter of a century before! Their religious duties they had long since discontinued to fulfil. Whiskey, whiskey, whiskey was all they cared for! To it they sold their reason! It was their god!

Night after night Helen and her mother remained up worrying lest some accident should befall the boys. There was on the road that led to town a dangerous railroad crossing at which more than once in their reckless driving they had been very near to being killed. Finally, on one particular day in early March the boys worked a little harder than usual. By their united efforts they had managed to split half a cord of wood. Such great strenuousness on their part must be forgotten in liquor or they would certainly die from exhaus-

tion. So it was proposed that they should go to town in the evening and have a "drop."

Accordingly immediately after supper they began to make the necessary preparations. The mother besought them to remain at home, but to no avail. The sister's pleading was likewise useless.

"We are just going for a little drop. We will be back by eight-thirty," was all the satisfaction that they gave. The old mother knew that eight-thirty with them meant any time from eleven P. M. to four A. M. As they were getting into the buggy the mother, with tears in her eyes, made one last request to restrain them. Something seemed to tell her maternal heart that the night's expedition would be followed by disastrous results. The boys hesitated for a moment. The mother, thinking that she was gaining a little ground, pushed her argument, but Hugh finally with a gruff "good-bye" whipped up the horse and they were off.

The old lady stood looking down the road after them until they were lost to her view in the dusk. Then she returned to the house and with Helen began the weary vigil which they were accustomed to keep whenever the boys went to the village for a drop. Tonight, however, both seemed more nervous than usual. The presentiment of an impending calamity which had taken possession of the mother when she first learned the boys' intention, seemed to be uppermost in the mind of each.

And now we will follow the boys and see what became of them. No sooner had they arrived in the village and tied their horse than they entered the bar room of the Clermont House, the only inn of which the place boasted. It is needless to state what their occupation for the next two hours was in the hotel. About ten-thirty they emerged from the place completely intoxicated.



It took Hugh some twenty minutes to untie the horse. James was all this time sitting in the buggy heaping on his brother all the opprobrious epithets in his vocabulary, which was indeed copious. When Hugh finally landed in the buggy beside him, he grasped the whip and used it while Hugh kept the poor horse as near the middle of the road as is characteristic of a driver who loves Bacchus. As they neared the railway crossing the glaring headlight of an oncoming train met their view. If they had been in their right senses they would have seen that to cross in front of it without being struck was impossible. But with every vestige of reason inundated in liquor, they ventured ahead. In a second the buggy was hit and its occupants were thrown into the air. Hugh landed about twenty feet from the track, but James was shot forward and dropped directly in front of the train. Before the brakes could be set the engine passed over him whipping off his legs and leaving him mangled between the baggage coach and smoker. The passengers quickly descended and sought to learn what had happened. When they ascertained that a man had been run over they immediately offered any assistance they might be able to render. James, however, was beyond all human help now. It was merely a question of a few hours. He and Hugh, who was senseless, were placed aboard the train and taken to the town. The horse had been killed and the buggy completely demolished. Hugh soon recovered consciousness and no bones being broken, he was not seriously injured. James moaned occasionally. Fr. Tom had been notified of the accident and in spite of his sixty-five years lost no time in reaching the unfortunate man's side. He threw himself on his knees and prayed earnestly that the soul might not depart in its sins. After five hours James regained his senses and recogniz-

ing the priest managed to say that he wished to confess. All this time Fr. Tom had never arisen from his knees except to help the doctor to make the patient more comfortable. He now motioned for all to withdraw from the room.

In the meantime, Mrs. O'Donahue and Helen had arrived. They were nearly prostrated by the shock and the fact that their worst fears had been realized. In about three-quarters of an hour the priest passed out and down the street to the church. He returned bringing the Holy Viaticum, Penance and Extreme Unction having already been administered. After receiving the sacred morsel James lapsed again into unconsciousness and in a short time was no more.

Sadly Mrs. O'Donahue, Helen and the surviving son rode homeward. The mother bore up bravely, for she had one great consolation, that James had not died unrepentant. In the afternoon the remains were borne to the farmhouse. Kind neighbors took much of the care off the hands of the mother and sister by making the necessary arrangements for the funeral. Hugh had, except for a little stiffness, recovered from the accident of the previous evening. When the casket was placed in the little parlor, he went in to view his dead brother. At the sight of the corpse grief and remorse so unbalanced him that he rushed from the house. That night found him again in the Clermont House demanding liquor. He had determined that in it alone he would drown his trouble.

—W. J. FLANAGAN, '12.

(To be Continued).

A noble part in every life that's run  
Is to undo what has been wrongly done

—C. B. '11.



### Emotion in Poetry.



**W**HAT do we mean by emotion? According to the Scholastics the word emotion is used principally to express the pleasurable or painful aspect of all species of mental energy, or to signify complex forms of mental excitement of a non-cognitive character. Thus we see that emotions may be of every conceivable kind. Fear, hate, love, sympathy, pity, excitement are but a very few of the many.

It would be absurd to deny the power which ordinary prose has to produce these various feelings, but at the same time no one can deny that poetry or verse is vastly superior to it. Poetry can express or suggest even the most delicate emotions, and it is admirably adapted to delineate the minute shades and differences of emotions.

Now, emotional intensity is not so much a literary power as it is the motive force which sets powers in motion. It is the energy within us which gives us the power of accomplishment. If we look about us and note the occurrences of every day life we will see that an excess of capacity for feeling produces the fanatic. He is so taken up with his subject, and arouses his emotions to such an extent that he is completely carried away by them, and is led to do and say things which he would scarcely think of in his saner moments.

The temporizer is the direct opposite of the fanatic. The emotional side of his character is defective; his thinking and imaginative powers are so stagnant and phlegmatic that there is simply nothing by which he is affected.

From this we can readily see that when emo-

tion is combined with good sense it is of the greatest benefit and forms a really normal man; but when not thus balanced it usually leads to rash utterances, one-sided opinions, and prejudices.

If emotion is united to the literary faculty it gives to literary productions a peculiar charm which even painstaking labor can never accomplish. A writer may follow every rule of composition, his diction and language may be faultless, his metre perfect, and yet his composition almost worthless; and simply because it lacks feeling.

Sometimes emotion gives an accent of seriousness to one's composition, at another excitement, but always one of truth. If we see that an author is in earnest we cannot help respecting him. We may disagree entirely with his every statement, we may consider his ideas as unreasonable; but still the feeling, the emotion expressed, compels respect. If he is interested in his subject, well and good, if passionately interested, so much the better.

Emotion should always be coupled with imagination. Imagination itself is slow and hazy and dreamy, and does not arouse us as does strong but well regulated enthusiasm.

The emotion that is present in the verse of a poet should have a moral or an aesthetic base. It should not be called out by keen injury of self or mere enjoyment of life. A great many of Byron's works would serve as instances of the former. There is that tone of resentment, that desire to revenge and that feeling of self-injury running through so many of his productions. Over-sensitive spirits are more liable to this fault than others. Their self-consciousness makes them imagine themselves the object of every one's hate or ridicule and they give vent to their feelings in their verses. Embodied egotism may be amusing and interesting to



some classes of readers but it is not literary in the highest sense of the word, and it is certainly not artistic in the sense of being elevating.

Moral emotion rests on our sense of the good, the right, the true. It may express itself in enthusiasm for what is noble, and this is the highest kind of emotion, then again in indignation at cruelty and injustice, in which case it usually takes the form of satire. And here again Byron gives us a fine example in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

The aesthetic emotion is excited by the loveliness and majesty of the world and is thus based on beauty. It manifests itself in various ways and so appeals to different minds in wholly different manners. One poet is sensitive to the charm of quiet rural landscapes, but is almost blind to the beautiful in painting, feeling only a sort of respect for what he knows to be art but for which he has little love. What keen appreciation of natural beauty is seen in Bryant or Tennyson or Wordsworth! The latter is especially notable in this respect. He spent the greater part of his time out of doors with the trees, the birds, the flowers, and the mountain streams of which he writes; and what was more important, he had the genius to interpret to us "the loveliness and the wonders of the world before us." Wordsworth himself expresses a similar thought and certainly refers to this faculty of the soul when he writes:

"The floating clouds their state shall bend  
To her; for her the willow bend  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Ev'n in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her ; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face."

Then, again, there is a distinction between a sensuous delight in things beautiful and an enthusiastic regard for the principle, though both may be the inspiration of verse. Some again are more sensitive to beauty in form, others to beauty in color.

In our greatest literary artists the moral and aesthetic emotions are combined, but it necessarily varies in different individuals. It is influenced by the age in which an author lives or by the historical or political events with which he is concerned. Scott's study of the middle ages and chivalry so impressed him that the noise of the tournament and the clash of arms in the lists is everywhere echoed in his poems. The great question which was being agitated about half a century ago in regard to the higher education of women was the means of bringing out "The Princess" of Tennyson. And so with many other works, but the length of the present article will not permit their mention.

Emotional susceptibility alone, however, is of little value, of more importance still is the power of expression and the power of conceiving character. The value of poetic expression can scarcely be overestimated. Its power of impressing the mind is vastly superior to that of ordinary prose. If we take for example, this simple truth, "you must die soon." It is very commonplace, indeed, in prose, but let us see how the poet expresses the same thought:



"Yet a few days and thee  
The all beholding sun shall see no more  
In all his course."

The superiority is easily seen and instances may be found in which it is more striking.

But perhaps Shakespeare is a better example. His power of expression is known to every student and there is no need to give examples of it, and as a creator of character he is unequalled. His characters are real, natural, lifelike, they have a separate and individual existence, with whom we may become as intimately acquainted as with any of our friends and companions. It is the balancing of these powers that constitute a real artist in literature. And Shakespeare's power in both is what gives him his unparalleled excellence.

C. A. BATES, '11.

The drying up a single tear  
Wins honest fame much more  
Than ever any man could gain  
In shedding seas of gore.

—C. B. '11.

## The Man Who Looked Like Somebody Else.



LIFE speaks to us with many voices. To some its tone is clear, incisive and direct, to some languid and monotonous, and to some hard and imperious. But to Thomas Crandall it never spoke, at least, its sound was not articulate. The busy hum of the world had fallen on his ears for some twenty-five years at least, and yet in all that time he had never understood a word it said, and to discover in its multitudinous noises a connected story of any kind, sad, humorous, tragic, or serious, had never occurred to his cotton-stopped ears. How his parents had ever failed to observe the cotton growing there thicker and thicker day by day, one can scarcely make out. Perhaps he had never had any parents, that is, parents like ours, who would see to his washing and personal neatness, and the other little things that awaken the natural possibilities of youth to something like realization.

On the 2nd of August, 1909, John Crandall found himself in a summer resort hidden away among the lake fastnesses of Northern Ontario. How he had managed to get so far away from his usual haunts, it is impossible to say. The quiet of this secluded retreat held an attractive charm for this secluded retreat holds an attractive charm for ceivable that rural seclusion meant aught to him.

Nor must you suppose that his presence at a summer resort was any indication that a large bank account enabled his languid spirit to wander whither it listed. He had never known how the poor Croesus of our day has to fight against the importunity and opportunities of hopeful, not helpful, waiters and bellboys. They had often helped him out of, but never into, a meal.



On this particular day and date the hero of our story was resting quietly in a comfortable chair on the spacious veranda of the Hotel Couchouching, when a well dressed young man, beaming all over with an air of easy familiarity, approached him and immediately opened up a conversation.

"Fine day, Mr. Reichert. Enjoying the lake breeze?"

John had scarcely noted the stranger's approach, and so surprised was he at hearing himself addressed that his foot slipped off the railing in front of him. He quickly recovered himself and resumed his former position.

"Yes, pleasant enough," said John.

"Are you going to stay here for a few weeks?" inquired the stranger.

"Well, that depends."

"Pardon me if I ask on what the length of your stay depends."

"Oh, mainly on how things turn out," John said evasively, though without any thought of missing the point.

"I understand, Mr. Reichert," went on the newcomer, "that your Company is in need of an experienced superintendent for their new factory, in Jonesville. Now, I have had a great deal of experience in that line and I congratulate myself that I have had great success. If it is not asking too much I wish you would interest yourself in my behalf on your return to business. Your influence is known to be very great and you have a peculiar shrewdness in discerning business ability. What do you think of my proposition?"

"Your proposition is all right if you think so," replied John.

"But, Mr. Reichert, can I count on your influence in my favor?"

"Count on my influence?" said John, doubt-

fully, wondering whither the conversation was likely to lead. "To be sure, you can count on my influence."

This seemed to satisfy the stranger and John felt easy again.

John, of course, had no intention of palming himself off as somebody else, much less if that other were the president of a rich business concern, which yielded the stockholders rich quarterly returns. In fact, the lightness of his purse militated very directly against any such feeling as easy affluence. But he was always the victim of circumstance and he never could muster up energy enough to swim against the current of accident. That he should, however, have been mistaken for one of the financial heavyweights was not at all singular. His presence was commanding and his face strong and serious. A shrewd business-like air sunning itself in the rays of well earned rest with the coin to pay for it was the most pronounced feature of his whole appearance.

And thus it happened that when dinner was announced John could not refrain from accepting the invitation to dine at the stranger's expense. The dinner was good and the sauce of appetite was not wanting, at least, on John's part. It was served on the European plan and John wrote out his order. After an unusually long wait, during which conversation lagged and the host grew momentarily more and more impatient, the dishes began to arrive. It took two relays to convey the first course to the table. The wine order was appalling. The stranger was now thoroughly agitated and his appetite weaker every time he thought of the bill. John ate leisurely, seeming to enjoy every dish. The stranger, on the contrary, ate and drank at intervals, according as the prospective situation or the bill was uppermost in his mind.



Long after the other guests had left the dining room John finished his meal. Quietly he leaned back in his chair with the air of one who had completed a noble work to the satisfaction of his conscience and he told his host as much. The latter admitted that if every man did his duty as commendably towards the inner man, the price of food stuffs would certainly rise to the great advantage of the farmer and to trade in general.

The bill came at last. The waiter stood by expectantly, an ill-suppressed smile lurking about the corners of his mouth. The agitated party looked at the carefully itemed account, then at the total. Immediately his face took on a saffron hue, his breath caught frightfully and he gasped:

"Mr. Reichert, will you please advance me ten dollars on my next month's salary?"

The waiter took in the situation at a glance, and informed the perturbed party that his guest was not the man he supposed, as Mr. Reichert had left the hotel on the preceding day.

The infuriated stranger now jumped from his seat, stood over the imperturbable John in a threatening attitude, and fairly shouted:

"Who the —— are you, anyway?"

"I," said John, "I am the man that looks like somebody else."

It was some time before the cashier could be satisfied that the account would be paid, and then the mistaken man departed, vowing vengeance, dire and adequate, when the opportunity came, but determined not to let the joke on himself get any further; while our hero of the cosmopolitan face remained in pleasant anticipation of the next victim.

o o o o o

This chapter relates how the Bushbys were disappointed in the man. On Camp Couchouching the Bushbys had swooped before and their arrival

was hourly expected. The young men about the Hotel had planned an extensive fishing excursion to commence at the first sign of the threatened descent. They descended, that is, Mrs. Bushby and her two daughters did, and the fishing expedition took flight precipitately, John saw them approach up the Hotel terrace—saw, but heeded not. Mrs. Bushby was the first to spy a man and fairly ran at him when she recognized in him an acquaintance of the summer before.

"You here again!" exclaimed the leading lady; "how delightful."

"Yes," assented John, "I just dropped in yesterday by accident."

"Mr. Dengler!" chorused the Misses Bushbys. "We thought that you would never dare to return to Couchouching after the persecution you had to bear last summer from that dreadful Miss Olds."

"I am not easily caught," said John.

That evening John dined with the Bushbys, the orchestra discoursed more or less sweetly, the Bushbys gossiped vigorously and in unison, while their guest became deeply immersed in problems of the psychological aesthetics of music. Next day natural gallantry compelled the sole male survivor to accompany the ladies on a day's outing in their motor boat. As the party disembarked after the trip they met Miss Olds on the wharf.

"How do you do, my dear Miss Olds," said the younger Miss Bushby, "I am so sorry you were not with us today. Mr. Dengler is an expert in handling a boat, and I am sure you would have enjoyed his company so much."

"Mr. Dengler!" cried Miss Olds in surprise; "did you drop him into the lake?"

Mrs. Bushby noticing that John and Miss



Olds had not recognized one another, became puzzled and looked at the man more closely.

"Oh, dear! I am afraid we have made a dreadful mistake. This man is not Mr. Dengler."

"Oh, the brute!" chimed the Misses Busbys. "How do you explain your conduct, sir?" said Mrs. Busby, indignantly.

"I, madam, I am the man who looks like somebody else," replied the compound photograph.

Miss Olds said nothing at the time, but took the first opportunity to get away and impart the story with illuminations to her friends.

o o o o o

The next day was rainy and the storm promised to continue for several days. The fishing party tossed a coin to decide whether they should brave the elements or the new arrivals, and when the coin turned up 'tails' they all heaved a deep sigh of resignation and headed the boat for the hotel.

The ladies were on the sheltered part of the veranda. Miss Olds and Mrs. Busby were the first to catch sight of the boat as it came into view around a point near the hotel.

"Here they come," exclaimed both ladies, simultaneously; "Providence and the weather have rewarded the patient and punished the selfish."

The fat man of the party had no sooner set eyes on John, who was on the veranda than he rushed over to him with outstretched hands and a welcome that bespoke a large heart and a capacious waist. Next in order came the long and lean man, who meant to be equally effusive in his welcome, though he failed to make it so expressive. Then the joker of the party, hearing the names which the other two had given to John, hastened to take advantage of the opportunity, saying:

"Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Bonesill. The remainder of the

party seeing John so variously named wanted to see further developments, as each was expected to come forward at the right moment to reveal the real identity of the much named man.

Meanwhile, the ladies, who had been told of the Busby incident, looked on highly amused and laughed so heartily at each mistake that the men became somewhat dubious and wanted to know the meaning of so much merriment.

A feeling of constraint came over the men, who were beginning to suspect that the ladies had laid a trap for them by way of revenging them for their desertion by the men.

"Say, Jack, what's in the wind?" said the fat man.

"I'm down a well; you'll have to help me out," replied the lean one.

"I wonder what has happened the men," said Mrs. Busby, loud enough to be overheard by the whole party. "They look embarrassed."

"They are probably making up fish stories," said another lady.

"Do you think they would recognize their own wives?" said another.

At this juncture the stranger who had given John a meal by mistake came up and engaged John in earnest conversation. Meanwhile the ladies look on expectantly, as each of the men scratched his head, that most invariable of signs when a man strikes an attitude, points upward the index finger like Dr. Munyon, and says dramatically: "Ah, ha! An idea! I have an idea!" This time their brains might have produced anything,—anything, but an idea.

At last the joker suggested:

"That omnipresent and omniscient drummer is the very man to solve the mystery."



The fat man beckoned the drummer to join the group and said :

"We wish you to decide a dispute. There are ten of us and each of us is quite positive that he knows your friend over there. But strange to say, each names him differently. Will you kindly tell us who he is?"

Here was the drummer's chance. He called John of the composite face of fifty-seven varieties, and then with a graceful bow and a grand sweep of the hand, he said :

"Gentlemen, you are all right and you are all wrong, so permit me to introduce to you 'The man who looks like somebody else.' I myself had the pleasure recently of entertaining this gentleman in the character of our mutual friend, Mr. Reichert."

It was then and there agreed that John should take the seat of honor at dinner with Mrs. Busby at his right and the drummer at his left. But the generosity of the party did not stop there, for the next morning they presented John with a ticket to Helena, Montana. All went over to the depot to bid him "God speed," at the same time warning the conductor to see that he did not leave the train too soon. As the train pulled out John, standing on the platform of the rear coach, waved the party a fond farewell, and the incident was closed.

—ALUMNUS.

To fear to do all base unworthy acts  
Of valor, is a noble part,  
To suffer them, and that without complaint  
This truly forms its very heart.

—C. B. '11.

### When I Am Dead.

When I am dead,  
The silv'ry moon will still retrace  
    It's path along the darken'd sky ;  
And through the vasty stellar space,  
    The comets still will onward fly,  
When I am dead.

When I am dead,  
The sun will still be "lord of day,"  
    And darkness from his gaze will spring ;  
And birds will still be bright and gay,  
    And woo and nest and fly and sing  
When I am dead.

When I am dead  
The flow'rs will bloom on the green hillside  
    As they do now and long ago ;  
The seasons then away will glide,  
    And snow and flower come and go—  
When I am dead.

When I am dead  
The seas against the rocks will roar ;  
    The great and mighty tempests blow,  
And clouds above will darkly soar—  
    But men will scarcely even know  
When I am dead.



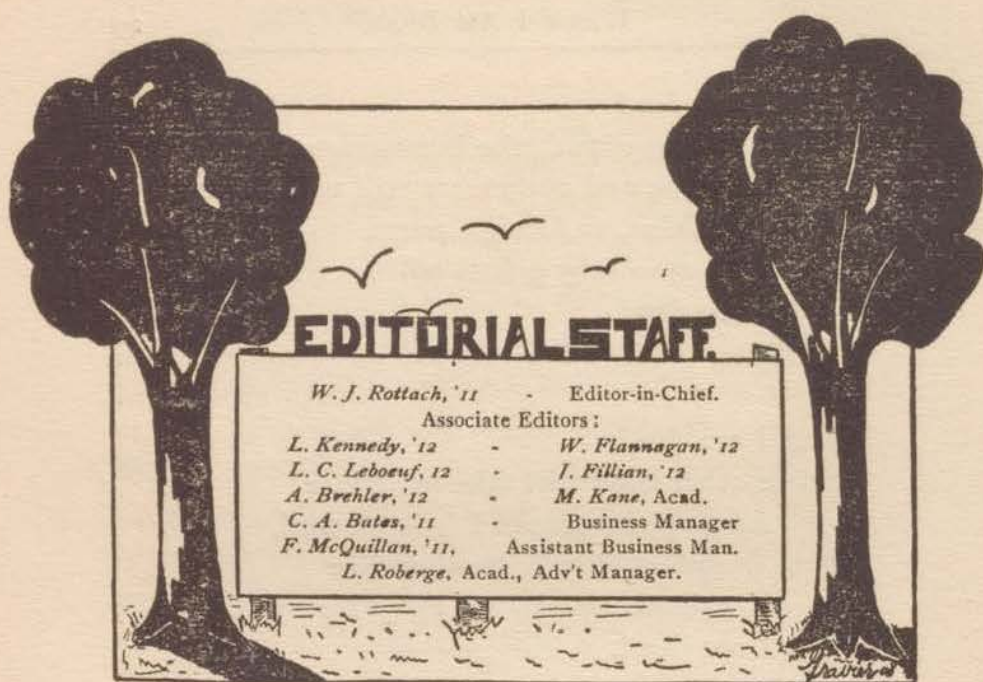
When I am dead  
The bustling crowd, the busy marts  
Of work and commerce still will throng ;  
Colossal ships, to foreign parts,  
And steaming giants will speed along  
When I am dead.

When I am dead—  
Some other then will take my place  
Among the scenes I love so well,  
And friends will seek another face  
Ere death has drawn away his spell.  
When I am dead.

When I am dead—  
Why should I strive for worldly things,  
Neglecting heaven more and more.  
Since earthly strife but sorrow brings  
And all will go on as before  
When I am dead.

—C. A. BATES, '11.





### True Charity.

The priest and the levite passed on their way leaving the man wounded by robbers to die by the wayside. The Good Samaritan poured oil on his wounds, conveyed him to an inn and paid for his keep. The unfeeling, selfishness of the former we heartily detest; the generous sympathy of the latter we sincerely admire. Kindness, sympathy with the sufferings of others appeals powerfully to the human heart; to the heart of the Saviour it is the surest way. And since virtue can be acquired only by exercise, we would do well to rise to the opportunities we have given us daily to exercise sympathy with the suffering in the persons of the souls in Purgatory. During the month of November the Church urges upon our attention this beautiful devotion. When we reflect that there are human souls suffering untold misery in expiation of past waywardness on earth and knowing, as we do, that these souls can be helped by our prayers and morti-



fications, we should indeed be more cruel, more selfish, more derelict than the priest and levite of the parable, were we to pass them by without turning aside to care for them as far as lies in our power.

### **Self-Reliance.**

Let a man so stand that he rest upon his own feet alone. Nay, could he feel so secure as to be willing to support some of the frailty of a weak brother, it would be well. But let him, above all, feel sufficient confidence in himself to march straight ahead, doing the work that the life in his own sphere of duty and circumstance demands. Your brother has his duty and you have yours. His calls him to one position in the world's great social organization, yours to another. If you lean on him he has a right to lean on you; and it will be fortunate for both in such a case if the twain of leaners be not jolted down and injured in the process. Far better for you had you trusted to your own feet, so that when the jolt came, you were found able to receive and repel the violence of untoward circumstance. Staggered you might have been, but not overthrown. Each such experience would give ever-increasing confidence and wariness for the future. But this is not all. The mental poise of the man who plants his feet flatly and firmly in the sand is like to be correct; and the correct mental poise is the very thing a man needs to keep him steady when the balancing is difficult. Your little world may not have its great Niagara gorge to cross, but it has many a divide that calls for steady nerve, a cool head, and a brave heart. A little wind will topple you over should it find you off your balance; your head is soon in a whirl, your heart leaps to your mouth and you, the man—well, you will stop when you reach the bottom, the very place you wanted to avoid most of all. But what does a brave

heart? It starts you off with confidence looking straight towards the goal beyond. What does a cool head? It takes the breeze without fear, it permits of thought and coordinates the muscular system to meet the strain. What does a steady nerve? It steps evenly, accurately and firmly, no false move, no precipitate, unwarranted starts. With these three, the children of self-reliance, all goes well with you and to your friends it brings that joy and satisfaction which springs from the assurance that you will reach the desired goal in safety.

#### **Oratio Recta.**

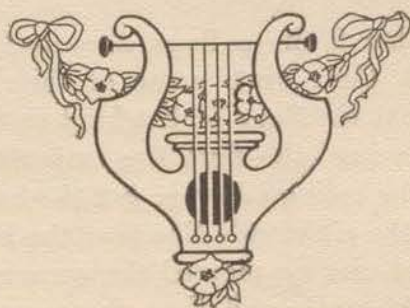
We are pleased to quote the following from our esteemed diocesan organ, the Catholic Record:

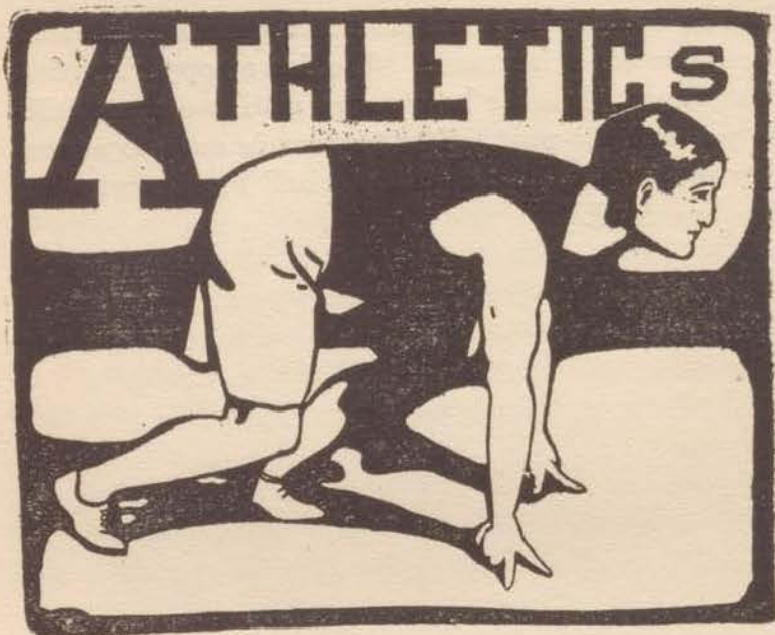
.... "We cannot see, for example, that the average Catholic is imitating his forbears in support of our colleges.

"And yet the college is the most necessary work of any diocese. It transcends everything else in importance. Its need is greater and its utility far more reaching and beneficial than any other agency. As a help to both State and Church, as a home wherein our young may be fed with the bread of sound doctrine and vocations developed, it should enlist the energetic assistance of all within the fold. But while the secular institution flourishes apace our college, in too many instances, ekes out a miserable existence. Never far from penury it is kept alive by hard-worked and poorly-paid teachers and by the few who dole it out alms. Neither censure nor speeches will put it in the forefront. Without an up-to-date equipment in every respect it stands as a reminder of the niggardliness and indifference of the Catholic to the dearest interests of the Church. To provide trained teachers, laboratories, etc., may entail self-sacrifice on the part of the people, but if we are to make our way



in this country or to retain what we hold, this self-sacrifice must be made. We have opportunities, but they will never be grasped until we cease talking about the past. The present is ours to squander or to strike into coin that shall be current when we are dead."





#### SOCCER FOOTBALL.

On October 9 the college Association football team played their first game of the Peninsular League against the Sons of England on the college grounds. During the first five minutes of play Robinet, of the college eleven, got the ball and carried it down the right side line past the backs; then with a perfect aim he pierced the corner pocket of the opponents' goal, and thus the score remained throughout the game, 1 to 0. Robinet's shot was one of the cleverest ever seen on the college field. Repeatedly did the Sons test the ability of Assumption's full backs, W. Moran and J. Bell, but they found the defense too strong. J. Young proved an efficient goal-keeper and his work helped to keep the score on the right side for the college. Bennie and Stokes played well for the college, while Ransome and Cook starred for the visitors. The line-up was as follows :



ASSUMPTION.		SONS OF ENGLAND
J. Young	Goal	A. Crosswaithe
J. Bell	Fulls	F. H. Heane
W. Moran	"	Mr. Gench
Bennie	Halves	Cook
F. McQuillan	"	Wilson
Stokes	"	Cullom
W. Roach	Center	Ransome
A. McIntyre	Forwards	Bennett
C. Robinet	"	A. E. Carter
F. Costello	"	Laurence
W. Maguire	"	Butterby
Goal: Robinet.		Referee: Jones.
Score—Assumption, 1.		Sons of England, 0.

## ASSUMPTION VS. WALKERVILLE, OCT. 16.

Walkerville and Assumption had both used the games of the schedule, and stood on equal terms for the lead of the league. It was natural, then, that the fans anticipated a great display of excellent association in this contest of October 16; and although our opponents had the Indian sign on the Collegians in the score, it was only by a fluke play that the Scotchmen were handed the better figure. In a scrimmage that took place in the latter part of the first half in front of our goal Murphy, Assumption's centre-half, bunted the ox-hide with his cranium into his own goal; and though the college forwards, aided by the valiant defense of Joe Bell and Fred Mooney, kept the ball in the visitors' territory during the greater part of the second half, the star work of Leischman prevented them from averting defeat.

A remarkable feature about this battle was Mr. McCullough's refereeing. He certainly is a first class referee; and whether after victory or defeat the boys are forced to offer him the glad hand for his square deals. The only consoling term for

the Collegians was "Wait! We'll meet 'em again!"

This was the line-up:

ASSUMPTION.		WALKERVILLE.
R. Bass	Goal	R. Wilson
J. Bell	Full-backs	A. Leischman
F. Mooney	"	G. Mooney
Stokes	Half-backs	Swan
Murphy	"	Lyons
W. Moran	"	Stewart
W. Roach	Center	Evason
A. McIntyre	Forwards	Telfort
C. Robinet	"	Bowman
Bennie	"	Lindsay
W. Macguire	"	Edie

Referee—McCullough.

#### ASSUMPTION VS. WALKERVILLE.

October 30 was the day that afforded our boys an opportunity to avenge the defeat that one of their own men carved out for them in the last game with Walkerville. The "Highlanders" came up strong, with sturdy veterans and many rooters, feeling confident they would wipe the earth with Assumption's eleven; but the "Bloody-blumin'" ox-hide seemed to be attracted towards their own goal. "Vengeance is sweet," and the purple and white fans enjoyed the sweet stuff today, because it is a marvelous victory in their eyes. Once last year these teams were in the same position in the league and the "Distillery-town" boys dealt our colors a severe humiliation, but they are outclassed in combination and team work this year by the A. C. warriors, and this means we expect to whip them badly for the honors before Mars blows the whistle.

Only once in this battle did the visitors show any signs of danger, and this in the first few minutes of play. The referee blew the whistle, Walk-



erville had the kick, and soon the little sphere confronted our full backs. It was tossed and scuffled with for some time in the immediate territory of the A. C. goal, but when Bell's boot met it, it went the right way and the forwards for the college then did their share in tormenting their opposing backs. Occasionally G. Mooney and Leischman would meet the pig-skin with a healthy clout and drive it past centre, but only to be repelled by a stronger foot at the other extreme of the lot. One measly chance was all the college backs allowed the visitors to give Jack Young, but he dispensed with this in such grand style that we can easily infer what he could have done with others.

The score of 1 to 0 seems to indicate that the college had to fight for their money, but Walkerville's goal keeper is a "peach," and carries a horse shoe in his boot. However, we must admit that Assumption's forwards might improve in shooting; and were they all as accurate shooters as Macguire the score would have been overwhelming. The first half passed without a tally, but in the early part of the second Robinet carried the ball down the right wing and dropped an excellent pass on the goal, which "Shorty" Stokes met on the fly and drove a hole through the Walkerville sheet. Almost constantly the ball was in the opponents' half of the gridiron, and the Walkerville forwards were very frequently called upon to play defensive. For the visitors R. Wilson, Leischman and G. Mooney played an excellent game of defense, while Bell, F. Mooney, Robinet, Macguire and Stokes did the spectacular stunts for the home crew. The score book reads thus:

ASSUMPTION.		WALKERVILLE.
J. Young	Goal	R. Wilson
J. Bell	Full-backs	A. Leischman
F. Mooney	"	G. Mooney

V. Murphy	Halves	Swan
F. McQuillan	"	Stewart
T. Murphy	"	Lyons
Stokes	Center	Bowman
McIntyre	Forwards	Telfort
Robinet	"	Evason
F. Costello	"	Lindsay
W. Macguire	"	Eddie

Goal: Stokes. Referee: McCullough.

Halves—Thirty minutes.

#### ASSUMPTION VS. SANDWICH.

The campaign of the Peninsular league has had to be somewhat remodeled since Sandwich has been let in. There are now four teams in the league. Though Sandwich has enlisted, she has not yet played any games. November 6 had a double header scheduled for Assumption vs. Sandwich; and the latter appeared with five men for battle. The conflict was out of sight and Sandwich forfeited both games.

#### PENINSULAR LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won	Lost	Tie	Points
Walkerville .....	5	1	0	10
Assumption .....	4	1	0	8
Sons of England.....	1	4	0	2
Sandwich.....	1	5	0	2

#### P. Y. Y. LEAGUE.

A Philosophy-Yannigan-Yard league was organized, but owing to the temporary absence of Robinet, Kennedy and Merkle from the Yannigan team it was practically demoralized. The Philosophers also were unable to put out a line-up for the fight, so the schedule was postponed; but may re-organize later on when the regulars return.



## RUGBY.

Parental objection to the rough and tumble game has deprived the Stella squad of "Tony" Brehler, their clever little quarter-back; and as a result the team have been granted an indefinite leave. "Tony" was captain of the big eleven, and the progress they were making under his training was gratifying. The fatal accident that befell Eugene A. Byrne, of Buffalo, the West Point football player, October 30, who died as the result of injuries sustained in a scrimmage between the Army and Navy figured in no small degree in depriving the husky squad of their leader. Coach Mr. Farrell, however, is scouting stouter warriors for the gridiron game, and now that the soccer league is nearing a close, great things are looked for in the first team.

## BELVEDERE RUGBY.

Nothing has marred the success of the valiant Belvedere squad. Many intricate forward pass and trick plays are executed in their battle, which make their opponents look sick. October 30 they hoarded up 23 points against the Wolverines of Windsor. in the first half; this made the visitors retreat; they have beaten Walkerville twice and held Detroit College reserves, strengthened by three of the first team men, to four touchdowns, notwithstanding the fact that they were outweighed by the Detroiters about 25 pounds in most positions. Their formations have made many substantial gains against the representative team in practice, and if this crew are together next year our first team will be a winner.

## TAI KUNS.

The Tai Kuns are holding up the good name

they won last year, and show remarkable speed and accuracy that assures us the game of the oval will not fade away while they are with us. Their entire interest is concentrated in this game, and association has suffered severely on this account in their territory. However, some young soccerites in this sphere show promising material for the Peninsular league in a few years.

The Minims have shown the Sandwich aggregation how to play ball several times this year and think they could trim most of the amateurs over the river if they could manage to get them on the gridiron.

—JOE. FILLION, '12.







The following is taken from the Daily Crescent News, of Defiance, Ohio:

"Friday, Bishop Farrelly announced a list of appointments and transfers of priests to fill various pulpits of the Cleveland diocese. One of the appointments is of the greatest interest to the people of this city.

"Reverend Francis John Collins, pastor of the St. Mary's Catholic Church, has been named to succeed Rev. William McMahon, of St. Bridget's Church of Cleveland. The appointment is in the nature of a fine promotion.

"Reverend Collins was born in Cleveland in 1877. He took his college course at Sandwich, Ontario, ('95), and his Seminary course at Cleveland. He was ordained at Cleveland in 1901.

"He was at once appointed to St. Mary's Church at Tiffin. Later he was pastor of St. Coleman's at Cleveland. Four years ago, September 1, he came to Defiance, and took up charge of St. Mary's Church.

"Father Collins has been a most efficient pastor. He is progressive and always has the interests of his parish at heart. He is among the best known and most popular of the younger priests of this diocese.

"Sunday will be Father Collins' last services at the St. Mary's Church."

Mr. D. Brisson, '06, had the misfortune to be called home from the Grand Seminary, on account of his father's death, October 18. We deeply sympathize with Mr. Brisson in this sad bereavement.

Mr. P. Lemire, '06, is working up a profitable business in Windsor as a photographer. His exceptionally good work assures him of an extensive trade.

Mr. Jos. Baillargeon, '07, has joined the Dominicans and is attending their Seminary at Ste. Hyacinthe, Quebec.

Mr. J. McGuire, '09, has a good position in the Grand Trunk offices, Durand, Mich.

Mr. L. Bertrand, commercial, '09, is travelling for N. K. Fairbanks of Chicago.

Mr. J. Curran, commercial, '09, is with a large mercantile firm in Grand Rapids.

Rev. R. Grace, '96, is very sick, and has been confined to an hospital in Kalamazoo for many weeks. He left home in good health, but collapsed on arriving.

Most eminent actors make "hits" at various times in their career, many "singers," some "doubles," and a few "triples," but when Frank J. McIntyre, '96, came to Detroit he made a "home-run" at every performance. His jolly cor-



poration, hearty laugh, graceful manners, and wonderful capabilities as a performer made him raise "The Travelling Salesman" from a failure to a nonpareil in the theatrical world. He made no mistake when he pronounced the play, "The Biggest Laugh You'll Get This Year!" Much of our success in our late play is due to the comedian, who gave us a few earnest hours' training when he visited us on November 5. We again thank Mr. McIntyre for this assistance and for the permission he obtained for us to go to see him at the Detroit Opera. Did we enjoy the play? Well!

The following is taken from the Wellsville Daily Reporter, October 20, 1909:

Rev. Richard O'Brien, ('95), and his devoted flock, the Catholic people of this town and vicinity, are now celebrating a week of ceremony and festivity in recognition of the distinguished and rare honor which is now theirs, in the possession of a consecrated church....The solemn rite of consecration was performed here Tuesday by Bishop Colton....On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, a solemn mass of Thanksgiving was sung by Rev. Richard O'Brien....We congratulate Father O'Brien upon the completion and consecration of this beautiful temple of God.

—L. C. L., '12.



### Chronicle.

We are all waiting to hear Stans deliver his first oration.

The Dramatic Club assembled in their hall, October 19th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. After a great deal of balloting Mr. Brehler was chosen for the Vice-Presidency.. Electing the secretary did not require as much time, for Mr. Brisson was elected on the first ballot by an almost unanimous vote. We hope that he will prove as efficient in his duties as he is in sports. After the appointments for the next meeting had been made, the Rev. President made a few remarks in regard to the coming play. The meeting then adjourned.

If Johnson beats Jeffries, we'll make arrangements to have him fight John H. W., who has given ample proof of his pugilistic ability.

On Friday, October 8th, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, held its first meeting; the object of which was to elect officers for the coming year. Preparatory to the election Fr. Murphy, the Director, addressed the members explaining the object of the Sodality and what was required of each member. After the short address the following were elected: Prefect, Mr. Walter Rottach; first assistant, Mr. Arthur Finn; Second Assistant, Mr. Fred Costello; Secretary, Mr. Anthony Brehler.

Wonder if the hay-mower has been repaired?

Something must be wrong. Maurice, the one of the past fame, has not been cracking any new jokes.

Wasn't it a treat to get out and see the game?



We are waiting, Howard, to see your poetical aspirations take root. If you continue facing the sun, they will surely be realized.

Rev. Arsene Martin, C. S. B., at one time a member of the College staff, passed to his eternal reward October 15, at the Hotel Dieu, Windsor. The funeral was held in Amherstburg, October 18. After the services, the remains were brought to Assumption church, where the Libera was sung, Fr. Cote, officiating. Immediately after the Libera, the body was taken to the cemetery, accompanied by priests, students of the College, Sandwich school children and a large number of people. Prayers were said at the grave, after which the remains were lowered to their last resting place. The following clergymen were present: Rev. Frs. Hayes, C. S. B., Campau, Aboulin, Collins, C. S. B., Vaschalde, E. Martin, C. S. B. The pall-bearers were: Rev. Frs. Pageau, C. S. B., College, Fuma, C. S. B., L'Heureux, Belle River, Beaudoin, Walkerville, Semande, C. S. B., Amherstburg, Langlois, Tecumseh.

On Tuesday evening, October 12th, St. Basil's Literary Society, held its initial meeting for the new college year. Rev. Fr. Roach presided. The only business to be transacted was the election of a Vice President. Mr. W. Rottach was the choice of the assembled members. In a neat little speech the newly-elected thanked the gentlemen who had chosen him and promised that he would energetically work to advance the interests of the Society. When the date of the next regular meeting was decided upon the meeting adjourned. Though the Society is not large this year, we feel confident that the efforts of the individual members, encouraged as they must be by the Rev. President, will add an-

other very successful year to the life of St. Basil's Literary Society.

Rev. Pres. Forster, Rev. E. Pageau and Rev. A. Morley attended the ceremonies of the Jubilee of Walkerville parish, October 25.

—A. S. B, '12.

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### Exchanges.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges :

*The Augustinian, The Catholic Record, The Catholic Register and Extension, The Dial, Echoes From The Pines, Extension, The Exponent, Fordham Monthly, The Laurel, The Niagara Index, The Nazarene, The Notre Dame Scholastic, St. Mary's Messenger, St. Mary's Sentinel, University of Ottawa Review, The Vox Students and the Xavier.*

—WM. J. FLANAGAN, '12.



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